

Provincial Free Press

VOL. III., No. 33

TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1909.

\$1.50 YEARLY

Public Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that all debts, owing to the late Cecil A. Darrow, must be paid within thirty (30) days from this date, and all claims against the said deceased must be presented to the undersigned within thirty (30) days.

N. W. DARROW.
Taber, December 1st, 1909.

Doric Lodge, No. 31

A. F. & A. M. G. R. A.



Meets Tuesday or before the full moon over McAskill's Store, Railway St. Visiting brethren cordially welcome.

J. T. STEPHENS

E. C. MOE, Sec'y.



TABER LODGE No. 25

Meets every Thursday Evening in Railway Street (over McAskill's store) at 8 o'clock.

Visiting Brethren always welcome.
S. ERYNE, N.G.
H. F. MUNRO, R.S.

H. G. Myers

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR & Notary for the Eastern Townships Bank
TABER, ALBERTA
MONEY TO LOAN

A. Hamman, M.D., C.M.

(M.C.P. & S. (M.D. & S.) L.P. & S. (M.D. & S.)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Successor to Dr. Lane.
Office hours: 9:30-12 a.m., 2-5 p.m., 7-8 p.m.

D. A. TAYLOR, M.D., C.M., SPECIALIST.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Stafford Block, Lethbridge, Alta.
Office hours: 9:30-12 a.m., 2-5 p.m., 7-8 p.m.

R. A. VanOrman

CONTRACTOR, BUILDER.
All work guaranteed in every way.
Estimates given on all classes of buildings.

SHIELLS

HARDWARE
STOVES AND
GRANITWARE

Sit On Any Lumber



proposition that is not definite. Don't buy stuff that you don't know all about.

Right Way to Buy

is to come down to a yard where you are sure of "a square deal all around." If you come here that's what you'll get, as any number of people can tell you from experience. We don't calculate you are going to buy lumber once in your life time, so we treat you in a manner that will bring you when you need it.

Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., Ltd.
J. F. GLAYBHER, Local Agent

DISTRIBUTION OF SEED GRAIN AND POTATOES FROM THE CENTRAL EXPERIMENTAL FARM, OTTAWA, 1909-10.

By instruction of the Hon. Minister, a distribution is being made this season of samples of superior sorts of grain and potatoes to Canadian farmers for the improvement of seed. The stock for distribution has been secured mainly from the experimental farms at Indian Head

and in Ontario. The samples consist of: Spring wheat, barley, peas, Indian corn (for ensilage only), and potatoes. The quantity of oats sent is 4 lbs. and of wheat or barley 5 lbs., sufficient in each case to sow one twentieth of an acre. The samples of Indian corn, peas and potatoes weigh lbs. each. A quantity of each of the following varieties has been secured for this distribution:

Oats.—Banner, b n lance, Danish Island, Wise-Awako, White Giant, Thousand Dollar, Improved Ligowo, all white varieties.

Wheat, red varieties.—Red Fife (beardless), marquis, Sankey, Chas. (early beardless), Preston, Huron, Pringle's Champion (early bearded). White varieties.—White Fife (beardless), Boba (early beardless).

Barley, six-rowed.—Messury, Odesa, Mansfield. Two-rowed.—Invincible, Standwell, and Canadian.

Field Peas.—Arkler, Golden Vine. Indian Corn (for ensilage), early varieties.—Angel of Midnight, Compton's Early, Longfellow. Later varieties.—Selected Leaming, Early Mastodon. White Cap Yellow Dent.

Potatoes, Early varieties.—Rochester Rose, Irish Cobbler. Medium to late varieties.—Gold Coin, Carman No. 1, Money Maker. The later varieties are, as a rule, more productive than the earlier kinds.

Only one sample can be sent to applicant, hence, if an individual receives a sample of oats, he cannot also receive one of wheat, barley, peas, Indian corn or potatoes. Applications on printed cards or sheets, or lists of names from one individual, or applications for more than one sample for one household, cannot be entertained. The sample will be sent free of charge through the mail.

Applications should be addressed to the Director of Experimental Farms, Ottawa, and may be sent in at any time from the 1st of December to the 15th of February, after which the lists will be closed, so that the samples asked for may be sent out in good time for sowing. Applicants should mention the variety they prefer, with a second sort as an alternative. Applications will be filled in the order in which they are received, so long as the seed lasts. Farmers are advised to apply early to avoid possible disappointment. Those applying for Indian corn or potatoes, should bear in mind that the corn is not usually distributed until April, and that potatoes cannot be mailed until danger from frost in transit is over. No postage is required on mail matter addressed to the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

WM. SAUNDERS,
Director of Experimental Farms.
Dr. de Van's French Female Pills—the Wife's Friend

A reliable regulator, never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Retail at 25¢ a box, or three for \$1.00. Mailed to any address. The Scott's Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.—For sale at the Alberta Drug Store, Taber.

THE NEW BRIDGE over the Belly River at Taber, has been open to traffic for nearly a week.

Adventurer.
"Adventurer" is a word, once highly respectable, that has degenerated with the lapse of time. It was once a compliment to call a gentleman an adventurer.

Race Horse Insurance.
Race horses are the best risks for horse insurance companies. It isn't that they never die; they do. But they wait until their racing days are over and the policies on their lives have been cancelled.

Magic Lanterns.
Magic lanterns were invented in the seventeenth century.

French Shops.
Tobacco shops, a profitable French government monopoly, are assigned to daughters or widows of dead courtiers and generals to keep as a sort of extra pension.

Cash.
"Cash" originally meant a case for money.

The Arpa.
The arpa, or drum, of the south Pacific islands is of wood, one end resembling a vase and the other evidently made in imitation of a shark's head. The head is covered with snake or fish skins.

Yard.
Yard was once any stick, rod or pole. The expression is still used with this meaning when applied to various parts of a ship's equipment, as yardarm, sailyard and the like.

Cake-making.
The cake-maker should remember that cakes without butter, such as sponge cake and lady fingers, require a quick oven, with the exception of angel's food and sunbake cake. A cake made with butter calls for a rather moderate oven, with the exception of dark spice cakes and fruit cakes, which should bake slowly and evenly with the door of the oven open.

Libel.
Libel once meant any little book, but as many small tracts in the early days of printing were personal and offensive in character the word acquired its present significance.

Censorship in China.
The censorship is a very real thing in China. There any one who writes an immoral book is punished with 100 blows of the heavy bamboo and banishment for life. Any one who reads it is also punished.

Old Time Maymakers.
In the fourteenth century maymakers in England received a penny a day as wages.

The Astor Place Riot.
The Astor place riot occurred on May 9, 1846, while Macready, the English actor, was performing "Macbeth" at the Astor Place Opera House in New York city.

The Chinese Day.
Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each.

Pain.
Pain is a general term. A pain which is local and of short duration is a twinge. It is local and continuous it is an ache. Apony, torment and the like, when not the mere hysteria of overstatement, are employed to designate the higher degrees of pain.

National Workshops.
Workshops were established by the provisional government of France in the revolution of 1848 to give work to the unemployed and called "ateliers nationaux."

Paint on Clothing.
Equal parts of turpentine and ammonia make a good remover of paint from clothing. Soak the spot in the mixture, then rub it hard, dip in soap-suds and rub it again. Almost any paint stain can be removed in this way.

The German Mile.
The German mile is more than four times as long as the English.

Phosphonol—The Electric Restorer for Lost Manhood

Restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension. Restores vim and vitality. Promotes decay and all sectional weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will cure a new man. Price \$3.00 a box, or two for \$5.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scott's Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.—For sale by the Alberta Drug Store, Taber.

Literary Society.

The subject of the debate which was held by the Literary Society, on Tuesday evening last, "Resolved that Canada should have a navy," was one of very present interest, and the various arguments advanced by the several debaters, were listened to with great attention. Mr. Ewing and the Rev. J. R. Munro for the affirmative, scored over the negatives, Messrs. S. Ervine and C. Stuart. The latter was not at his best, having been called in at the last moment to act as a sub-judge.

During the evening, Mrs. S. Bligh rendered a couple of solos in a very pleasing manner.

J. Harper Prowse, B.A., LL.B., of Halifax, N.S., who has been looking over the town lately, has definitely decided to locate here, and will shortly open up an office over the Eastern Townships Bank, for the practice of his profession as a barrister.

MUNICIPAL STAKES.
To be run December 13th.
Entries unchanged.

Despite the many private meetings being held in backyards, alleysways, etc., etc., no official scratchings are reported as yet.

Mr. T. Patterson has commenced the erection of a house on C Street, on lots just south of the Macdonald house.

Rev. J. A. Clark, of Knox Church, Calgary, will deliver his interesting lecture on "Joan of Arc," in Knox Church, on Tuesday, December 14th, under the auspices of the Literary Society. Admission 25c.

N. BRUSH GRUBB REAL ESTATE

Local Quotations.

OCTOBER 14th.

	\$ c.
No. 1 Northern	78
No. 2 Northern	75
Flax	1.00
Oats	.23
Eggs, new laid, per doz.	.40
Dairy Butter, per lb.	.35
Potatoes, per 100 lbs.	1.50
Carrots, per 100 lbs.	.014
Table Beets, per lb.	.03
Cabbage, per lb.	.03
Onions, per lb.	.12
Pork, dressed, per lb.	.12 to .15
Chicken, per lb.	.12 to .15

Church Services.

St. Theodore Church.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m.; Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.—Sunday school at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 9 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m.—Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m. Knox Church.—Morning Service, 11 a.m.; Bible Class and Sunday School, 2.30 p.m.; Bible Class, 3.30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.; Wednesday C.E. Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m.

C.P.R. TIME-TABLE.

EAST BOUND.	
No. 214 Passenger, daily	1.35 a.m.
No. 236 Local Passenger, daily, 16.00 p.m. (except Sunday)	
No. 8 See Portland, daily	3.32 a.m.
WEST BOUND.	
No. 213 Passenger, daily	2.30 a.m.
No. 233 Local Passenger, daily, 12.05 p.m. (except Sunday)	
No. 7 See Portland, daily	4.00 a.m.

MILLINERY.

We beg to call the attention of the Ladies of Taber and district, to our
TABER MILLINERY PARLORS
On Main Street, East of the Palace Hotel.
Where are displayed the
Latest Styles in Autumn Millinery and Hats.

L. and J. McLeay,

The Milliners, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat.

TABER TRADING CO.

WHAT YOU WANT WE HAVE

Full Stock in all Lines.

Specials this week:

Preserving fruits:

Prunes, \$1.50 per crate.

Peaches, \$1.80 per crate.

Last of the Season.

Best on the Market, \$3.50 per 100.

We have just opened fall shipment of Dry Goods.
See our Dress Goods.

Clothing, Boots, Shoes and Hardware the usual Good Values.

Machinery Department:

Wagons, Plows, Wheeled Rigs, &c.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description

At the

Free Press Office

BANK OF HAMILTON

CAPITAL.....\$2,500,000

RESERVE.....\$3,500,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

3% allowed on \$1 and upwards

Special Attention paid to Farmers' Business

Current accounts opened and a general business conducted

Taber, Alta.

W. H. LICK, Agent.

AS ALARMING PART.

After It Was Explained He Assumed a New Role.

By M. M. SMITH.
(Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Listen, Alice! He is at it again!" cried Tillie.

"Well, it's no concern of ours," replied her sister, idly fingering the piano keys.

"Oh, Alice, as if any woman deserved such treatment! We ought to inform the landlady!"

"And have her tell us to mind our business or move," urged the wiser elder sister.

"Just hear him browbeat—the brute!" exclaimed Tillie, making a vehement exit.

Rushing downstairs two steps at a time, she bolted into the apartment directly underneath the one occupied by herself and sister. At the further end of the room stood a tall, finely formed man, courteous and with a fair way. He looked up, stared and astonished at the unexpected entrance.

"Pardon, one moment," he said, hastily donning his coat and smoothing his hair with his hand. "Comfortably ensconced in an armchair at an end—

"Who is it you wish to see?" he asked.

"You wife," was the faint reply.

"My wife? Alas, I am not the fortunate possessor. But you are perhaps in trouble and need the counsel of a woman. Wait a moment."

Tillie stood aghast as he left the room in haste. She heard him talking in the hall below to one of the gossip-fed women. Their voices drew nearer. Evidently he was bringing assistance. Desperately she flew to the room opposite and opened the door, which she bolted after her entrance.

It proved to be another case of the trying pen and the desk. Comfortably ensconced in an armchair at an end—

"Who is it you wish to see?" he asked.

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is a much more desirable place than this—better location, and the rent is cheaper too.

Early the next morning a moving van carried away their effects to another part of the city, and Tillie breathed more freely.

One morning a few weeks later she was invited to join a box party at one of the theaters. When the party entered the play began. A couple of applause caused Tillie to direct her attention to the stage before taking her seat.

There was the man whose apartment she had entered in defense of his wife. For a full minute she stood gazing into his eyes. The audience noticed his attention to the party, but construed it a rebuke for their late entrance.

At the end of the act a note was handed to one of the men in the party, who immediately withdrew for a moment. When he returned he invited everybody to join him at a supper after the play. His casual remark that he had invited the young actor Reginald Montague to join them gave a thrill of mixed delight and apprehension to Tillie.

"I shall have to explain, and what can I say?" she thought.

She was the last to meet the popular young actor, who said, with a whimsical look: "Miss Monroe and I don't need an introduction. We have met before."

So it naturally happened that Tillie was left to his charge en route to the supper.

"Miss Monroe," he began the dreaded interview, "will you not tell me why you appealed to me for aid and then vanished in so mysterious a manner? I have haunted the halls of the apartment since that night for one more glimpse of you, and I have looked my audience over every night, hoping to see you. I brought one of the orders up to my room, but you were gone. We looked everywhere, and I believe the thief stole the incident of a delusion of my senses."

"I—well, you see, I lived there then. I had the apartment over yours."

"And you have been so near all these weeks?"

"Oh, no! We moved the next day, Alice was so ashamed of my actions."

"But when did you vanish that time, and why?"

"I went into another room—without knocking, as I did at your room—only I thought it was a friend's room—or had been, and there was another strange man."

He looked bewildered.

"Oh," he said, "after a moment, 'you mistook my room for some one else's' I remember you asked for my wife."

"Oh," groaned Tillie, "I might as well make a clean breast of it. For two nights I had heard you talking so loud and in such an angry voice, and then I heard someone—well, to be honest, Sister Alice and I thought you were speaking to her and—well, I will never do it again!"

His mouth was unfastened.

"I was rehearsing my part. I must have made more of a bit than I intended. But I think it was sweet of you to dare a rescue. But why didn't you explain?"

"You went for that awful woman, and so we moved out the next morning. Oh, if I had only known you and your wife I should have so enjoyed listening to the rehearsals!"

"I have a new play," he said, "not a tragic part like that one, but the part of a lover. May I come and rehearse to you?"

"Our walls are very thin," said Tillie ruefully.

"But my part calls for a low, soft tone. May I?"

"Yes, you will never tell of my mistake."

"I promise," was the earnest response.

Not a Success.

The experiment was not a success. Frequently she had complained that he was not as he used to be, that his love seemed to have grown cold and that he was too prosaic and matter of fact. So when he found one of his old love letters to her took it with him the next time he was called away from the city, made a copy of it and mailed it to her.

"John Henry," she exclaimed when he returned, "you're the biggest fool that ever lived. I believe you have softened of the brain. What did you mean by sending me that trash?"

"Trash, my dear?" he expostulated.

"Yes, trash—just sickly, sentimental nonsense."

"That isn't how you described it when I first wrote it and sent it to you," he protested. "You said it was the dearest, sweetest letter ever written, and you insist now that I have changed and you haven't."

"Well, you didn't succeed," she interrupted, and she was mad for two days.

Sometimes it is mighty difficult to please a woman.—Chicago Post.

The Penalty of Folly.

Methuselah, Jarah, Lamech and the others had gone to the old settler's reunion near Ararat. It was Methuselah's nine hundredth birthday, and he was capped around like a king, receiving balls of spirit wood at the grab bags, taking chances in the rag dolls, and conducting by the Canean church and acting a perfect bag about the pink temple side barrel and the candied popcorn stand.

"Better be careful, Meth," Lamech threatened him. "You'll overdo yourself, old man."

But the ancient cutout paid no heed and proceeded to ride on the merry-go-round with a woman of the Tobabites.

Alas, how fondly foolish he is! In sixty-nine fleeting years the old man was dead.—Flick.

NEIGHBORLY LOVE.

I love my neighbors as myself. There's no mistake. I've learned them when they came. With words I'm learning the same.

My garden spade, My sickle blade, Also my garden rake.

And onto others we are told. That we should do. As we'd be done by. That command I have observed to beat the band. For once it's good. If it's not sold, My borrow new.

My lawn mower is three blocks away. My oil can and my paint brush, too. I've loaned, and they were good as new. By this—ahem—My love for them is plainly shown.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Summer Circus.

NE of the reasons, and the principal one, why Mr. Bowser and I have so many little disagreements that find their way into the newspapers is because she doesn't size me up right. She looks upon me as an old duffer; she insists that I'm eccentric, she claims that I'm not an observing man; she says that I'm too impulsive. In all this Mrs. Bowser is wrong, radically wrong. There isn't a more level-headed man in the state than I am. The trouble is all with Mrs. Bowser.

When I came home to dinner the other evening I had no sooner entered the hall than I observed certain signs. I don't say that nine out of ten husbands wouldn't have noticed them, but I do say that I was on them bigger 'n a house in less 'n a minute. They were signs that housecleaning was at hand. I had been expecting them for a week. I wasn't such an idiot as not to know that housecleaning follows the advent of spring.

If Mrs. Bowser were writing this story she'd say that I hadn't the slightest suspicion, even when I bumped against a steppladder and found the hatchwork moved to new places, but you take my word for it. That's the impulsive man I am. Not a word did I say, however. She hurried me down to develop myself. In about a quarter of an hour she made an excuse to pass into the kitchen, and I heard the cook ask her in a hoarse whisper:

"Do you think he suspects anything, mum?"

"No! A thing—not a blessed thing," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"When we finished dinner and went up to the sitting room I saw more signs, but still I said nothing. Mrs. Bowser would have said the same thing if I had said anything."

"Why do you let your daughter play the piano all day while you and your wife do the work?"

"Because," answered Farmer Corns, "it's better than having her play in the evening when me an' ma is in the sitting room tryin' to rest."—Washington Star.

Getting It Over.

"Why do you let your daughter play the piano all day while you and your wife do the work?"

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Pointing a Distinction.

thing of an economist, should he not? I don't think so," answered Mr. Durbin. "The object of an economist is to see what he can get along with. That of a high financier is to see what he can get away with."—Los Angeles Times.

Curious to Know.

"Oh, professor," asks the beautiful young thing, "will you tell me something I am just dying to know?"

"If I can," answers the professor willingly.

"Well, in what way did the plectrum period differ from the period we use nowadays? Was it different in shape, or was it used for some other form of punctuation than to indicate a full stop?"—Chicago Post.

Timeless Task.

Hungry Higgins—A woman glumme a handout dish morning, den had de nerve to ask me if I beat a carpet for her."

Doolittle Doolittle—Wot did youse say? Hungry Higgins—I tol her dat I was ortel sorry, but I was all tired from beatin' a railroad—Chicago News.

Wonder of Wonders.

A young man, writing to his sweet heart, started his letter this way: "Dear Mabel—As this is Sunday and I had nothing else to do I thought I would write to you."

He wondered why he never heard from her again.—Judge.

Sharp.

Mrs. Sharp—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you were single once more, did you?"

Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

A Spot of Security.

"Isn't it a shame to keep those poor lions caged?"

"Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—Washington Star.

An Angel.

"My wife is awfully good to me."

"Lucky man! How does she show it?"

"She lets me spend all the money I save by shaving myself to buy baseball tickets."—Cleveland Leader.

A Sign.

"I understand Brown is a baseball fan?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Mrs. Brown told me this morning that she had quit getting hot meals for supper."—Detroit Free Press.

Suspense.

Mrs. Kewler—Can your new girl cook?"

Mrs. Crosway—I haven't dared to ask her yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Made Sure of It.

"So he didn't swear off?"

"No. Stopped entirely."—Browning's Magazine.

BOWSER TELLS STORY.

Concerns Housecleaning His Wife Had Cunningly Arranged.

WAS TO BE BIG SURPRISE.

He Recognized the Signs, but Let Her Have Her Way, Much to Her Own Discomfort.—The Kind of Man Sam is.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

ONE of the reasons, and the principal one, why Mr. Bowser and I have so many little disagreements that find their way into the newspapers is because she doesn't size me up right. She looks upon me as an old duffer; she insists that I'm eccentric, she claims that I'm not an observing man; she says that I'm too impulsive. In all this Mrs. Bowser is wrong, radically wrong. There isn't a more level-headed man in the state than I am. The trouble is all with Mrs. Bowser.

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Curious to Know.

"Oh, professor," asks the beautiful young thing, "will you tell me something I am just dying to know?"

"If I can," answers the professor willingly.

"Well, in what way did the plectrum period differ from the period we use nowadays? Was it different in shape, or was it used for some other form of punctuation than to indicate a full stop?"—Chicago Post.

Timeless Task.

Hungry Higgins—A woman glumme a handout dish morning, den had de nerve to ask me if I beat a carpet for her."

Doolittle Doolittle—Wot did youse say? Hungry Higgins—I tol her dat I was ortel sorry, but I was all tired from beatin' a railroad—Chicago News.

Wonder of Wonders.

A young man, writing to his sweet heart, started his letter this way: "Dear Mabel—As this is Sunday and I had nothing else to do I thought I would write to you."

He wondered why he never heard from her again.—Judge.

Sharp.

Mrs. Sharp—So you told Mr. Jones you wished you were single once more, did you?"

Sharp (with quick wit)—Only that I might have the happiness of marrying you again, darling.—Boston Transcript.

A Spot of Security.

"Isn't it a shame to keep those poor lions caged?"

"Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—Washington Star.

An Angel.

"My wife is awfully good to me."

"Lucky man! How does she show it?"

"She lets me spend all the money I save by shaving myself to buy baseball tickets."—Cleveland Leader.

A Sign.

"I understand Brown is a baseball fan?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Mrs. Brown told me this morning that she had quit getting hot meals for supper."—Detroit Free Press.

Suspense.

Mrs. Kewler—Can your new girl cook?"

Mrs. Crosway—I haven't dared to ask her yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Made Sure of It.

"So he didn't swear off?"

"No. Stopped entirely."—Browning's Magazine.

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So was mine. She talked about the Italian earthquake and about Roosevelt in Africa.

Mrs. St. Canning's Scheme.

She was all in a flutter as to how she could work me out of the house, but I solved the problem by saying that I would walk to the office for a change and smoke my morning cigar on the way. As she closed the front door on my heels she seemed to be a very, very happy woman. All this, and yet she had said in the papers that I was a builder!

I hadn't been out of the house ten minutes when carpets were being ripped up and run into the back yard for beating. During this rush Mrs. Bowser ran a tack into her foot and another into her thumb, but I did not mention it in a revengeful spirit. If it had been me she would have had a great deal to say about my swearing, but I wasn't there. In using the steppladder to take down pictures, Mrs. Bowser took a spread eagle fly and landed on the head of the cook and took her down with her. On each and every occasion when I have fallen from the steppladder Mrs. Bowser has brushed me up so that the neighbors shouldn't hear, but she had to hush herself this time. Don't chuckle over it. She is a very nice woman, and she couldn't wait to get even.

While waiting for the colored man to come to take the carpets Mrs. Bowser and the cook started in to move the dining room sideboard ten feet. Had I been there that place of furniture would have been asking a feather whoop. As it was the pair managed to tip it over and break \$30 worth of glassware and crockery.

They then tackled the big brass bed in the spare room. There wasn't the slightest reason why it should be moved, but if I had been there it would have come down as lightly as a feather and within two minutes. I dote upon taking down pedestals. As it was the landscape fell in Mrs. Bowser and the footpiece on the cook, and when they recovered consciousness spring had advanced by twenty rods.

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FROM CHILDREN'S LIPS.

Humorous Sayings by Clever Little Men and Women.

THE teacher had explained the word and had been talking for some time when it occurred to her that she had better make quite sure that the class understood what an apostle was. So she asked: "Now, who'll tell me what an apostle is? Where were he knows?"

"Frank was. His face brightened with interest, and he volunteered to answer."

"I know, Miss Blake," he said eagerly. "It's a furry gray animal about so long—measuring off a fair length for an opossum—'n' we used to have one in a box in our back yard."

Little six-year-old Jack had never seen much of chickens. Last summer he was visiting in a small place where the family kept a few. One day he was out watching them for quite a long time and came in looking very "satisfied." Stepping up to one of the young ones he said:

"Say, Cousin Ned, your rooster has been coughing and coughing all morning—I watched him—and he hasn't coughed up an egg yet!"

One day three-year-old Baby Jess was visiting her grandmother. She was very devoted. She asked Baby Jess if her mother had taught her to say her prayers.

Jess answered: "Yes, ma'am."

"Whom do you pray to, dear, and ask to forgive your naughty ways?"

"Sometimes I pray to mother's knees and sometimes to the bed."

Little Grace went into her mother's darkened chamber in search of her doll. She ran out so very fast that her mother said: "What makes my darling run so? Is she afraid?"

"Wherever she goes," she exclaimed, "No, but my dolly is!"

Taber's name is on the Map,

And Taber's name is there to stay,

For Taber's crops and Taber's coal

Are famed full many a league away.

Give us your Advertising

And let us prove to you

That Merchants enterprising

Will always get their due.